

Lammy and Hairdresser Octopus in Orgía de Papel Mexicana

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Lammy and Hairdresser Octopus in Orgía de Papel Mexicana

by [xandermartin98](#)

Summary

Frustrated that Hairdresser Octopus, her fellow resident Mexican of the Parappa franchise, never gives her the proper sexual attention that she deserves, Lammy (from Um Jammer Lammy, of course) decides to tie him up, load him into the back trunk of her car, take him home with her and literally fuck him until he DIES (and also quite literally play his feet and dick like guitars, while she's at it). Did I mention that SHE ALREADY HAS NOT ONE BUT TWO FREAKING GIRLFRIENDS?

Rated G for Gratuitous Sexy Spanish

One cold, lonely evening at the local (closed) barber shop in Parappa Town, shortly after the events of Parappa The Rapper 2, Hairdresser Octopus was busy tending to the already ridiculously beautiful hair of the all-girl Milkcan rock trio's beloved and probably transgender guitarist Lammy (who was now literally his only remaining customer at the moment after his recent "noodle-afro" fiasco, might I add) with nothing more than his dainty little comb and scissors, as opposed to the ridiculously massive high-tech machines that had been used to make the afros. As you can imagine, he was deeply annoyed and frustrated that he was literally unable to find even a single way to make Lammy's hair look any more beautiful than it already was by default.

"AY CARAMBA (DAMN IT)! SON OF A PUTO CHINCHILLA PERRA (FUCKING CHINCHILLA BITCH), I SIMPLY CANNOT FIGURE OUT A WAY TO IMPROVE YOUR FUCKING HAIRSTYLE TO SAVE MY LIFE!" Hairdresser Octopus literally turned red with anger and furiously ranted, tossing the Hair Restoration Device that Papa Parappa had lent him aside in immensely unwarranted self-disgust. "NO MATTER HOW MANY DIFFERENT STYLES I TRY, I SIMPLY CANNOT FIND A SOLA PUTA SUFICIENTE (SINGLE FUCKING ADEQUATE) REPLACEMENT FOR THE ONE THAT YOU ALREADY HAVE!"

"Well, UMM...UH...teehee..per, uh, perhaps that's just because my hairstyle is already perfect as IS, you TONTO GANSO (SILLY GOOSE)!" Lammy blushed and giggled adorably, causing the equally Mexican and awkwardly flamboyant Hairdresser Octopus (who was now blue again due to yet another ridiculously sudden and extreme mood swing of his) to meekly cross his arms behind his back, look down at the floor and sheepishly do the same.

"Aww, what's the matter, honey? You look so SAD all of a sudden...what's the matter, sweetie? KATY got your tongue?" Lammy threw off her hairstyling gown, leapt eagerly out of her chair and asked the endearingly flustered Hairdresser, playfully stroking her fingers through his girly, squishy, fabulous hair and cuddling him lovingly while he nervously twiddled his fingers and fidgeted about in an extremely desperate attempt to figure out what he was going to say next.

"Hermana (sister), what in el diablo (the devil) are you PLAYING at?!" Hairdresser Octopus annoyededly flinched backward in shock, his color suddenly turning red yet again as he angrily shoved Lammy away from him in a remarkably "tsundere" fashion, crossing his arms over his chest.

"I NEVER CHEATED ON ANYONE!" Hairdresser Octopus yelled disgustedly, melodramatically placing his hands on his hips to deliver his next line. "NOT ONCE, NOT UNO TIEMPO (ONE TIME)!"

"Hmm..." Lammy quizzically rested her chin on her (left) hand and pondered to herself for a moment over the troublingly decisive thought of what she was going to do for her dearly beloved ex-boyfriend in order to make him happy again...when suddenly, without even half of a single minute's notice or more than one quick glimpse of the Hairdresser's brightly nail-polished, sandal-clad, unsettlingly human feet nervously shuffling beneath his beautifully patterned dress, the equally curvy and human-footed drug bitch in literal sheep's clothing had an idea...a horrible, wonderful, AWFULLY naughty and kinky idea that inexplicably caused her horns to suddenly grow half of an entire inch at the mere thought of it, much to the Hairdresser's initial dismay.

"HOLY ENCHILADA, WHERE IN THE SIETE INFIERNOS (SEVEN HELLS) ARE YOU TAKING ME?! I'M GIVING YOU TO THE COUNT OF DIEZ (TEN) TO LET ME GO RIGHT THIS INSTANT, LA DAMA (WOMAN)!" Hairdresser Octopus screamed and wildly flailed his arms about in a fit of panic, his still-bright-red tentacle hair violently struggling to break free of Lammy's agonizingly tight grip as she forcefully dragged him out to her car, tossed him into her back trunk, duct-taped his mouth shut, wrapped him up in leather rope and forcefully (not to mention TEAR-JERKINGLY painfully) tied a nice big bowtie into his hair before finally giving him an affectionate wink and slamming the trunk's door shut.

On the way over to her new two-story house, Lammy deliberately took the bumpiest route possible, chuckled with delight each and every time that she heard poor, poor Hairdresser Octopus whimpering and shrieking in pain as his girly-haired, roughly 80-pound, (almost) literally spineless squid body was violently slammed against the metallic walls of the back trunk, and answered yet another deathly curious call from her girlfriend Katy with "oh, don't worry, I just need some alone time for my guitar practice".

"Alright, you big wuss, let's have some FUN together, shall we?!" Lammy laughed maliciously, as she finally arrived at her front driveway, flipping the back trunk of her car right open with all of her might and scooping him up into her warmly cradling and tightly embracing arms.

"TRAGO! (GULP!)" the Hairdresser turned blue and gulped audibly in clearly fake dismay, all kinds of terrifying thoughts going through his poor little cephalopod head as Lammy put her left index finger over his mouth and teasingly shushed him.

"Shh, don't worry; I promise you this won't hurt a BIT...but believe me, you're still going to be screaming and moaning your ever-loving head off the whole freaking time, I can almost GARANTIZO (GUARANTEE) it!" Lammy sluttily reassured the Hairdresser as she carried his helpless, tightly bound body up into her master bedroom and laid him out gently on her queen-sized bed.

"MFF, MMF, MMMMMMMMPH!" Hairdresser Octopus muffledly wailed and squealed in discomfort as Lammy crawled up onto the mattress, intently reached toward him and forcefully yanked the duct tape right off of his mouth, causing him to effeminately wail and shriek in pain yet again as the raging fem-boner that was already rapidly developing in the pelvic region of Lammy's blue jeans grew ever more imposingly large and protrusive as a result.

"Do...do you honestly expect me to be impresionado por esto (impressed by this)?" Hairdresser Octopus snarkily spat at Lammy while the immeasurably horny and enamored girl playfully licked the salty tears from his eyes and drank them with glee.

"Oh, why yes, SI, Senor Pulpo (YES, Mister Octopus); I EXPECT YOU TO FUCKING SUBMIT TO ME, YOU LITTLE TENTACULO (TENTACLE) TWINK!" Lammy commanded Hairdresser Octopus arrogantly as she forcefully untied him, reached into his embarrassingly long and girlishly decorated womens' dress and grabbed him by the ankles before he could bolt off in terror like the total pussy he was.

"Oh, believe me, pal, you're not going ANYWHERE...at least, not until I find a surefire way to CALM you DOWN, that is..." Lammy playfully and ever-so-seductively cooed with yet another incredibly suggestive wink as she reached further still into Hairdresser Octopus' skirt, excitedly fondled his shockingly well-endowed penis and slowly, teasingly slid her hands down the impressively long length of his spindly little legs until she finally reached his lovely little ankles yet again, suddenly realizing how dreadfully sore the man's feet must have been from his daily work.

"HEY, WHAT IN THE BLAZES ARE YOU DOING?! I NEVER ONCE SAID YOU WERE ALLOWED TO- OH...OHHHH, MANNN, SIENTE TAN BIENNN (THAT FEELS SO GOOD) ..." Hairdresser Octopus furiously raged at Lammy as the sly little devil sneakily pulled his brightly colored sandals off...then suddenly turned blue again and began moaning with deeply relaxed pleasure as Lammy began expertly, professionally rubbing, squeezing and massaging his somehow even MORE delightfully colorful (and big, and soft, and aching, and tender, and most importantly squishy) bare feet from top to bottom.

"YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT...MY GUITAR IS IN MY MIND..." Lammy muttered derangedly to herself as she drug-inducedly imagined that Hairdresser Octopus' beautifully curvy feet were a pair of nice big bass guitars and began erotically "strumming" them with her fingers, causing him to almost literally pass out with sheer relaxation overload.

"OH SWEET SALVADOR (JESUS), IS THIS LA VIDA (THE LIFE) OR WHAT..." Hairdresser Octopus sighed happily with relief, lovingly patting Lammy's head as she began sucking his toes, licking up and down his soles many times over and even planting numerous hot-pink kisses onto

the heels and balls of his feet while he playfully giggled and wiggled his toes in response, causing the gorgeously shiny white nail polish on his toenails to orgasmically gleam and glimmer in the light as he smugly stroked his fingers through his lovely, lovely hair, lazily leaned back against the headboard of Lammy's big cushiony bed, crossed his arms behind his head, crossed his wonderfully long and slender legs out in front of him for Lammy's degenerate convenience and teasingly, sassily glared at the readers as if to say "yeah, I BET you wish you were me right now".

"So, you feel like you're ready for some good old-fashioned las aves y las abejas SEXO (birds-and-the-bees SEX) now?" Lammy reluctantly finished eating out the slimy, inky jam from in-between Hairdresser Octopus' toes and eagerly asked him, stripping both him and herself completely naked from head to toe in the process.

"You know what? Fine; IF YOU WANT SEX TO BE LITERALLY ALL THERE FUCKING IS TO OUR RELACION (RELATION), THEN I SHALL GLADLY PROVIDE THE WHOLE FANSERVICE ENCHILADA AND THEN SOME PUTAS TACOS DE PESCADA (FUCKING FISH TACOS) ON THE SIDE JUST FOR BUENA MEDIDA (GOOD MEASURE)!" Hairdresser Octopus suddenly turned red with pure unbridled rage and disgust yet again and began lividly screaming at Lammy, intimidatingly approaching her with his hands balled up into menacing fists and therefore causing her to pitifully shriek like a little schoolgirl and crawl helplessly into the corner of the room, in which she, in a supreme act of dramatic irony, curled up into a shivering, defenseless little ball of pure naked hotness and began trembling and cowering in fear.

"Yeah, you'd BETTER be afraid, you fucking ZORRA LOCA (CRAZY BITCH)! Hell, you're DAMNED lucky I haven't already called the local POLICE yet, you know that?!" Hairdresser Octopus ranted angrily at Lammy, still absolutely seething with pent-up rage as he forcefully grabbed Lammy with his deceptively fabulous tentacle-hair and slammed her right back onto the bed's mattress.

"No, no, no, no, no, please don't hurt me, PLEASE don't HURT ME!" Lammy stammered and screamed in terror, backing up hopelessly against the aforementioned headboard of her own bed...when all of a sudden, completely out of nowhere, right when she honestly thought he was literally JUST about to straight-up KILL her, Hairdresser Octopus suddenly broke out into a hysterical fit of laughter at her sheer staggering incompetence, to the point where he almost literally began rolling on the mattress!

"All this time, la mujer (woman); all this time acting like you were the toughest, nastiest mierda (shit) around and would literally make me beg for mercy like a poco indefenso (defenseless little) chihuahua...and all this time it turned out YOU were the REAL lily-higado cobarde (lily-livered coward) all along!" Hairdresser Octopus began laughing maniacally, all the while angrily bitch-slapping Lammy with his tentacles in the process.

"You know what? It'd be GRACIOSO (FUNNY) if it weren't so PATETICO (PATHETIC)...oh, que diablos (what the heck), I'll laugh anyway, AHH HA HA HA HA HA HA HA HAA!" Hairdresser Octopus began laughing even more horrifically uproariously as he eagerly pulled Lammy's face right up against his and gave her the Japanese Mexican French Kiss of Death, during which he forcefully extended his hair-tentacles all the way up her nostrils and ear canals until they finally reached her shockingly large brain, causing the poor, frightened little lamb's eyes to suddenly go cartoonishly swirly as Hairdresser Octopus rewired her central nervous system to effectively disable every last non-submissive part of her entire thought process and reduce her into his personal Barbie doll.

"So tell me, ESCLAVO (SLAVE); how does it feel not knowing that I literally just made you into my personal marioneta que golpea la carne (masturbation puppet)? SIENTANTE, PERRO! (SIT,

DOGGY!)" Hairdresser Octopus teasingly asked Lammy, who was already helplessly wailing, gasping and squeaking like a pitiful little mouse (and crouched down on her hands and knees doggy-style and wagging her tail, of course) as said Hairdresser Octopus violently, furiously thrust his incredibly long, tentacle-like penis right between her bulbous, glistening butt cheeks and directly into her anal cavity, whipping and spanking her with his tentacles and causing her to loudly cry and bleat in wonderful pain all the while.

"OH YEAH, FOLLAME MAS, PAPI! SI SOY UN PUTO CERDO, PUEDES DECIRLO! (FUCK ME MORE, DADDY! IF I'M A FUCKING PIG, YOU CAN SAY SO!)" Lammy screamed and whined and whinnied with delight while Hairdresser Octopus (who actually had a cripplingly horrible case of erectile dysfunction at the moment and really needed Lammy's help in order to cure it) tied Lammy up in missionary position with his tentacles and began raping every last inch of her body (again, from head to toe) with his tentacles.

"CHUPAME LA POLLA (SUCK MY COCK) LIKE YOU MEAN IT, PUTA DE OVEJA INMUNDA (FILTHY SHEEP WHORE)!" Hairdresser Octopus excitedly commanded Lammy, pulling a few MORE highly important and delicate strings and levers in her brain and forcefully shoving her head straight down (mouth-first) onto his pulsating, throbbing, rapidly hardening cock.

"OH, MI DELICIOSO MAESTRO DE CALAMAR (MY DELICIOUS SQUID MASTER)...COMO ME ENCANTA LAMER TU CREMOSO Y PEGAJOSO CENTRO (HOW I LOVE TO LICK YOUR CREAMY, STICKY CENTER)...ES LITERALMENTE LO UNICO POR LO QUE VIVO (IT'S LITERALLY THE ONLY THING I LIVE FOR)!" Lammy gradually went from cooing like a dove to shrieking her ever-loving lungs out with excitement as she first began teasingly sliding her hand up and down Hairdresser Octopus thick, moist, wholesomely girthsome shaft, then added her big, bulbous, bouncy boobs into the equation, then finally completely lost control of herself altogether and began playfully sucking and licking the tip of Hairdresser Octopus' penis, then the head, then finally the entire shaft, until she was straight-up deepthroating him.

"AHHHH...YEAH-HAH-HAH-HAHHHH...OHHH, MOMMMYYY...AHORA SE COMO SE SIENTE TOBY FOX (NOW I KNOW HOW TOBY FOX FEELS)..." Hairdresser Octopus steamily blushed, drooled and moaned with incalculable delight, his eyes nearly rolling themselves all the way back into his head and his balls (along with the rest of his body) literally turning blue as he made one last crucial hack into the locomotive section of Lammy's central nervous system, spread out his legs and eagerly readied himself for the inevitable.

"AHH...DICIENDO QUE MIS PIES SON PARA CAMINAR ES COMO DECIR QUE LOS JUEGOS DE SONIC SON PARA JUGAR EN ESTE MOMENTO (SAYING MY FEET ARE FOR WALKING IS LIKE SAYING THAT SONIC GAMES ARE FOR PLAYING AT THIS POINT)..." Lammy blushed and sighed embarrassedly as she outstretched her (also) beautifully long and slender legs directly into Hairdresser Octopus' beauteous pelvic region, sandwiched his gooey, slimy dick right in between her ever-so-delightfully-smooth-and-sexy soles, then finally curled her pretty little rosy-red-nail-polished toes around his eagerly awaiting shaft and gave him the footjob of a lifetime...right at the exact moment when her immune system had finally kicked in and exterminated all of the viruses that Hairdresser Octopus had secretly implanted into her brain's central processing unit, no less!

"DIEZ (TEN)...NUEVE (NINE)...OCHO (EIGHT)...SIETE (SEVEN)...SEIS (SIX)..." Lammy began dominantly counting down with her fingers and glaring at Hairdresser Octopus with an unbelievably teasing look in her eyes, revealing that she had just fully regained control over herself and therefore causing his erection to become exponentially (even) harder as Lammy continued passionately strumming his dick like a guitar...with her feet, no less.

"CINCO (FIVE)...QUATRO (FOUR)...TRES (THREE)...DOS (TWO)...UNO (ONE)...CERO (ZERO)!" Lammy continued counting down, with Hairdresser Octopus submissively getting down on his knees and preparing himself to deliver the coup-de-grace as she began to rather noticeably INCREASE the intensity of her footjob, strumming Hairdresser Octopus' dick harder...and faster...and harder...and faster...until finally...finally...FINALLY...

"MI SEMEN ESTA DISPARANDO AL ESPACCCIOOO (MY SEMEN IS SHOOTING INTO SPAAACCCE)!" Hairdresser Octopus almost literally shrieked his lungs out in sheer orgasmic ecstasy (so ridiculously loudly that literally everyone on the entire local neighborhood block could easily hear him, no less) as his penis erupted like a volcano and began gushing out literally two entire cups of semen, with the first half-cup going straight into her vagina while the other one-and-one-half cups were used to soak her entire body.

"Haha...if orgasms could kill, this estupido bastardo (stupid bastard) would would literally be DEAD right about now!" Lammy laughed uproariously, showering herself thoroughly and reclothing herself as if nothing had ever happened that night.

(SPOILERS: He actually WAS dead, and Lammy had also forgotten to use a condom.)

THE END?

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